snap

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by thisisatrick

Summary

maybe hannibal should snap more often. for once, it had worked out in his favor.

Notes

even if this is nonsexual, i'd still kiiiinda prefer 18+ interactions only <3 as per usual, i'm not the boss of you, but be respectful lol

also... will is not in a regressed headspace. he's an adult and is fully aware of it, but he's an adult who needs fatherly love and hannibal is in dad mode. hope this clears some stuff up

See the end of the work for more notes

hannibal's eyes burned into will, who stared at the floor, unwilling to concisely answer any questions that hannibal asked. he'd been spared from his duties with the FBI that evening, which had been a goddamn /blessing/, but he was still in a foul mood. he'd chalked it up to his phone call with his estranged father earlier. it had been his birthday, and will had decided to be nice and call.

that proved to be a mistake. the questions will's father asked had been fucking ridiculous and laced with passive-aggressive comments. when was will getting married? was there a woman in his life yet? was he still broke? how many dogs did he have /now/? had he caught any more bad guys? how bloody was his most recent case? it didn't help that his father had been drunk when will called, which had been at 10am between will's lectures. perhaps, that was why the conversation turned sour. alcohol was an evil thing to will, which is why he never partook in it as much as he would've liked to. it stole his father, but it would /never/ steal will.

ever. even if will was drinking more and more whiskey per night as time went on.

"will, you seem rather irritated today. i know you haven't been working as many cases recently. what is the cause of this distress?" hannibal asked. will sucked in a frustrated breath.

"i don't know, hannibal. i really don't. i'd much prefer it if you just dropped that now because i don't even need a session this week. i'm just angry. that's it," will replied, attitude heavy in his tone.

hannibal leaned back in his seat, an ever-so-inquisitive glimmer in his eyes. "isn't it your father's birthday today?"

will couldn't even remember telling hannibal about that. "y... yeah? did i tell you about that?"

"yes, will. last week, you informed me that today is your father's birthday and that you planned on giving him a call. how was your conversation?" hannibal asked.

"it was fine," will said, flatly.

"your attitude says otherwise, dear boy," hannibal responded. "if something about the call is troubling you, i am willing t-"

"oh my /god/ dr. lecter, could you /please just let it be? it was awful. he asked a million fucking questions about my job, my nonexistent girlfriend, my nonexistent future wedding, how many dogs i have /now/, and other useless bullshit. he was drunk at the ripe hour of ten in the morning, he was an asshole, and i shouldn't have even bothered because i can't say a damn WORD to that man without him being a dick. even when he's sober, he's a prick. you are too with how much useless shit you're asking me. happy?" will snapped. hannibal's eyes narrowed instantly.

although hannibal usually remained calm with will, he was having a rough day himself. his session with will, whom he considered a dear friend, was supposed to bring some relief to his troublesome day. a slew of aggravating patients (which will was now grouped in with) and

mountains of useless paperwork had ruined hannibal's. to be met with an absolute brat after all of the annoyance he'd experienced was infuriating.

of course, he understood why will was so upset over this incident. hannibal was no stranger to the man's poor treatment of will, but he wouldn't tolerate this attitude... especially being called a prick. that really got under hannibal's skin.

"william. i do believe you owe me an apology for such words. getting upset is completely understandable, but to call me a prick is crossing a multitude of lines."

"i don't owe you /shit/, dr. lecter," will growled.

hannibal stood and swiftly made his way to will, who had no time to react to him approaching. hannibal seized will's jaw and forced his chin up to meet his agitated gaze.

"you will not take this out on me, boy. i was attempting to help you navigate these strong emotions and was met with the rudest words i've ever heard from you. i'd like an apology, william," hannibal said in a remarkably even tone.

"once again, i don't owe you shit."

hannibal wasn't sure what got into him. maybe it was the fact that he'd had a bad day, or perhaps it was the fact that will was being so rude. of course, hannibal would never do this to /any/ patient, regardless of the circumstances, but this felt... different. in will, he saw a rude boy in need of fatherly discipline, and hannibal had a strong paternal instinct that came tumbling out faster than he could realize.

hannibal released will's jaw and gave him a small, yet firm, pop to the cheek. it wasn't nearly enough to inflict extreme amounts of pain, nor was it enough to leave a mark on will's skin. will's head didn't even move. it was merely a form of discipline in response to disrespectful behavior; nothing more, zero intentions of causing any pain. hannibal wasn't sure what reaction he was expecting, but it certainly wasn't the one will had.

will's mouth fell open and his hand reached up to touch his cheek. when his mouth closed, his lip started to wobble. will stayed silent for a moment. hannibal looked down at will, still smoldering with agitation.

a single tear rolled down will's cheek. "s-s... sorry," he mumbled, not even bothering to wipe his eyes. "i-i'll um. i-i'll go home."

will wasn't sure why his mood shifted so suddenly. usually, he wasn't one to back down from such feelings or words. hell, he could count the number of times he'd apologized to jack crawford on a single hand... if that. this, however, felt different.

hannibal softened a little and returned to his chair across from will. "there's no need to leave, dear boy. i apologize for being so harsh. you just needed to learn that you may not speak to me, or anyone, in such ways, especially whenever i am just trying to help you," hannibal explained in a gentle tone. with hannibal's impulsive actions, he wasn't sure how he'd expected will to react. certainly not in the way will reacted.

will sniffled, unsure of how to reply. "j-just don't hit me again," he whispered, rubbing at his cheek. "i-it hurt a-and it..." will swallowed the lump in his throat, "it was scary, dr. lecter."

it was then that hannibal started to understand. his firm paternal approach to discipline had likely resembled the actions of will's father, who had been extremely cruel to will in both present times and the past. it was days like this where will craved the supportive fatherly attention he'd seldom recieved growing up. when will /had/ recieved that type of discipline, it had been from a place of anger, rather than a desire to genuinely correct negative behavior.

hannibal wouldn't go as far as to say he felt remorse for his approach. what he felt was remorse for will's lack of fatherly love and for causing will to plunge into a vulnerable headspace so fast. perhaps he should've eased into it, but it was effective nonetheless. that's what mattered.

"i won't strike you again, as long as you behave and speak to me with respect. i will return the respect as well. do you understand?" hannibal explained, trying to keep a calm tone.

"y-yes," will replied, looking at the floor again.

"yes what, will?" hannibal asked. will's reply would play a major part in either confirming or denying hannibal's suspicions.

"y-yes, daddy," will mumbled. as soon as the words left will's mouth, his jaw dropped again. "wait, no, i-i'm sorry, i-"

hanni and held his hand up to indicate for will to stop talking. "no, will. it's quite alright." hannibal dropped his hand and continued, "i had a feeling you would respond that way, and i have no issue with it. the incident with your father and my actions have seemingly put you in a fragile headspace, to which i apologize. however, you need to let me take care of you to ensure your safety. i cannot force you, but it is in your best interest to let me help you. can you do that for me, mylimasis?"

the office was silent for a bit. will broke the silence in a quiet, quivering voice.

"i-i need you to help me, daddy."

hannibal smiled. he sat back in his chair and patted his lap.

"come here, darling. sit with daddy," he said. will didn't move, but rather stared at hannibal with wide eyes.

hannibal chuckled slightly. "it's okay, dear boy. really, it is."

will's lip quivered again. "n-no," he mumbled. hannibal frowned.

"why don't you want to sit on daddy's lap, mylimasis? is something wrong?" hannibal asked. will gulped and looked at the floor.

"i-i don't want you to hit me again. i don't wanna be bad," will whispered.

even hannibal was suprised. maybe this really /was/ what will needed.

"oh, dear boy..." hannibal said with a little frown. "come. daddy promises not to strike you again, so long as you behave. remember, we talked about that. do you understand?"

will nodded a bit and stood on shaky legs, walking over to sit on hannibal's lap as carefully as possible. he hung his legs over the side of the chair at first, but hannibal shifted will so that he was straddling hannibal's lap. hannibal hummed gently, turning will's head so that he could see the cheek he struck.

"it isn't red, and it surely won't bruise," hannibal observed. he leaned in and gave will's cheek a soft kiss, mouth salivating at the taste of will's tears. "you'll be fine, mylimasis. how do you feel?"

cautiously, will balled his fists in hannibal's ironed dress shirt and rested his cheek against his shoulder. "fine, daddy."

hannibal smiled and wrapped his big, strong arms around will. "i'm glad, dear boy," he whispered, kissing will's head. "does your head feel fuzzy at all?"

until hannibal asked, will didn't even think about how his head was feeling. however, now that it was mentioned, will /did/ feel rather fuzzy. he knew what this feeling was and felt stupid for not realizing the second hannibal struck his cheek.

subspace.

although will intentionally didn't get much "action," per se, the little he got wasn't exactly vanilla. will was very familiar with what he was feeling, it just didn't truly click until hannibal asked about it. he hadn't had any time to process what he was feeling, let alone what headspace he was in. "yes. i-i know... i know what subspace is, dr. lecter," will mumbled. hannibal smiled.

"i can't say i'm suprised, will. are you still comfortable with me helping you?" hannibal asked. although the circumstances leading up to this moment hadn't been wholey agreed upon, hannibal didn't wish to push any boundaries and he most certainly didn't want to violate will by not asking for consent.

"yeah, but... nothing sexual. i don't... i don't know if i can do that at the moment," will replied. hannibal nodded.

"of course, will. a submissive headspace doesn't always have to be sexual in nature. i am sure you already knew that as well."

will just hummed in response and nuzzled back into hannibal's shoulder, breathing in whatever cologne he was wearing. hannibal smelled of teakwood, but will swore he smelled patchouli and clean linen as well. whatever hannibal smelled like, it made will feel safe, and that's what mattered. no wonder hannibal had such an issue with will's "awful aftershave." hannibal clearly had high standards as far as scents were concerned.

a gentle hand started scratching through will's hair. although will's body was already intertwined with hannibal's as much as it could be, he attempted to wiggle closer. hannibal pressed gentle kisses to the side of will's head.

"daddy..." will mumbled, "i'm tired."

"you can sleep, mylimasis. i will wake you up when it's time to leave."

"but... i don't wanna leave..." will whispered.

"i know, dear boy. i know. neither of us planned for this, so i fear you cannot come home with me due to a... lack of preparation." the bodies in the basement had not been concealed properly, so hannibal's home was in no shape for visitors without taking extreme risks. besides, will didn't have the necessary items to stay at hannibal's, and hannibal didn't have anything he needed to stay at will's. "however, we can plan another evening together at a later date and you can come home with me then, hm?"

"okay," mumbled will, who was slowly drifting off in hannibal's arms.

hannibal rubbed soothing scratches into will's head until he inevitably fell asleep. carefully, hannibal stood up with will in his arms to get back to his desk. he set his desk timer for an hour and decided to finish some paperwork while his boy napped.

maybe hannibal should snap more often. for once, it had worked out in his favor.

End Notes

kudos, comments, etc is always appreciated. love u. also this was supposed to get very dirty but i got carried away and the fluffiness felt more natural to me?

if you want a part 2 of something more dirty, then lmk because i might write another chapter. who knows?

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